crawling betweene earth and heaven? we are arrant Knaves, beleeve none of us, go thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Ophel. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house:
Farewell.

Ophel. O helpe him you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile give thee this plague for thy dowry, be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marrie a foole, for wisemen know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry, goe, and quickly too, farewell.

Ophel. Heavenly powers restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make your selves another, gig and amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnesse ignorance; go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad: I say we will have no moe marriages, those that are married already all but one shall live, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a Nunrie goe. *Exit.*

Ophel. O what a noble minde is here orethrowne!
The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, eie, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'observ'd of all observers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suckt the honey of his Musicke vowes;
Now see what noble and most soveraigne reason
Like sweet bels jangled out of time, and harsh,
That unmatcht forme and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extasie. O woe is me
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see! *Exit.*

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections doe not that way tend,
For what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's, something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt the hatch and the disclose

Will